

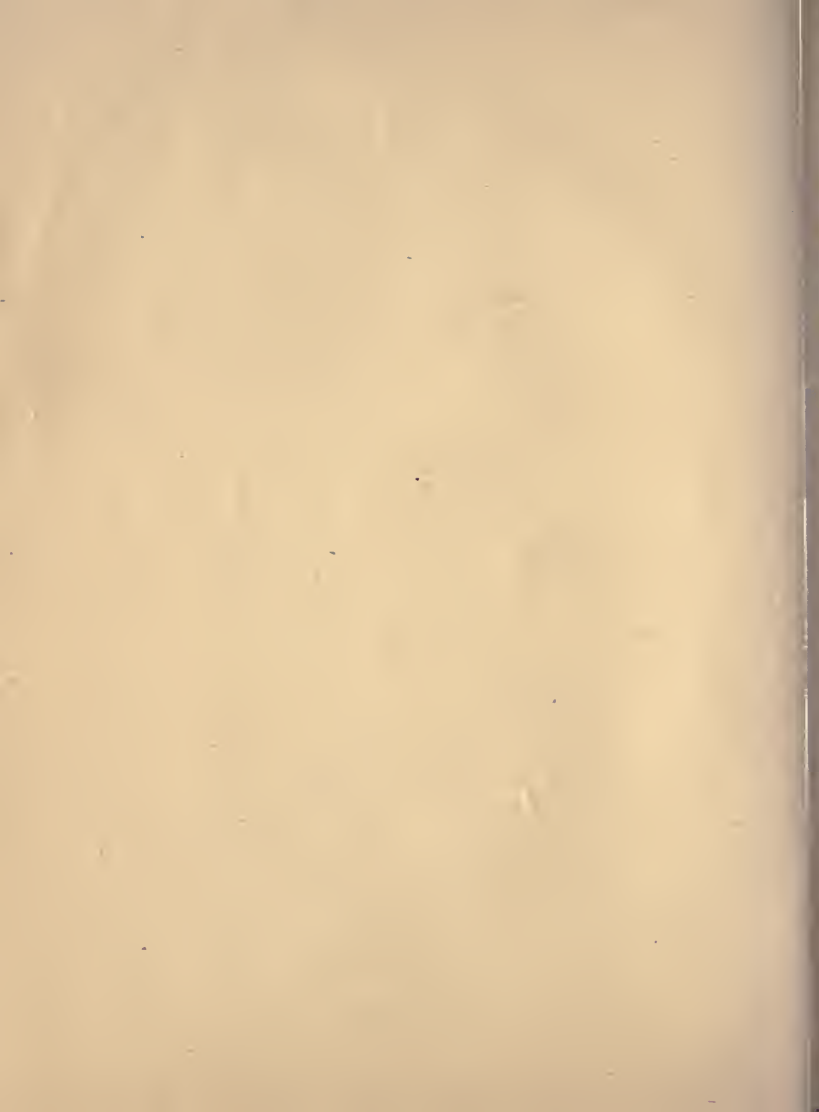
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A Poetry of Exiles.

VOLUME I.

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME.

No. 1. AUSTRALIAN LYRICS.

SECOND EDITION.

[*In the Press.*]

No. 3. A POETRY OF EXILES. Vol. II.

SECOND EDITION.

Others to follow.

A Poetry of Exiles.

BY
DOUGLAS SLADEN,

B.A. OXFORD; B.A., LL.B. MELBOURNE;
LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD;

AN AUSTRALIAN COLONIST.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED

NEW YORK
THE CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

1891

MR SLADEN IS AUTHOR OF

YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS.

AUSTRALIAN POETS.

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A POETRY OF EXILES. 50 cents.

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Dedicated to Mrs Hawksley Burbury,

OF UPPER PHILLIMORE GARDENS, KENSINGTON.

I knew a maid with fairy dower
Of girlish grace ;
Once seen, you could not quench the power
Of that sweet face :

Another with a wand and scroll
Of woman's tact ;
She never grieved a human soul
By word or act :

A third, who wore a diadem
Of sympathy ;
You could not touch her garment's hem
Without reply :

And last a wife, whose plea of pleas
I never knew ;
Yet She had all their witcheries,
And she was *You*.

KENSINGTON, *December 6th, 1885.*

To the Reader.

IN the preface to the second edition of my *Australian Lyrics* I wrote :—

“Two of my books, *Australian Lyrics* and *A Poetry of Exiles*, requiring second editions at the same time, I have taken the opportunity of redistributing their contents, thinking that to group according to subject would be a more satisfactory arrangement than to adhere slavishly to the previous order of publication.”

The first edition of *Australian Lyrics* consisted mainly of lays of Australian incident, love-lays, and lays of exile. The last, for obvious reasons, have been transferred to *A Poetry of Exiles*. The others, with the pieces germane to them in the first edition of *A Poetry of Exiles*, constitute the second edition of *Australian Lyrics*.

The last paragraph in that preface applies equally to this volume. “In re-editing I have made copious eliminations and many hundreds of emendations. Not a few of the pieces have been almost re-written, as the reader will find who compares this with the previous edition.”

I have had to divide *A Poetry of Exiles* into two volumes, because the one-volume first edition proved too closely printed to be agreeable to the eye.

There are three entirely new pieces in this volume.

THE WATCH TOWER.

TWO children who stood on a windy tower,
And counted the swallows that darted by!
Two lovers who stood at a later hour,
Alone with the sea and the stars and sky,
And made the grim tower a true lovers' bower,
When nought but night was nigh !

“ You have not forgotten ? ” one lover said,
“ How I gazed from our cliff at the seas afar,
And fancied that fortune and I were wed
If once I could voyage outside the bar ;
The swallows were darting around your head,
As darting still they are.

“ Ah then I could pine in my ancient home,
Bewitched with wild visions of wondrous isles,
And long for long days with the sky and foam,
And fret at your simple and loving wiles :
I would give worlds now could I cease to roam,
And linger in your smiles.”

THE WATCH TOWER.

A maiden who stood on the same old tower,
Unheeding the swallows that darted by,
But dreaming a dream of that happier hour,
With gleams of a tear in her wistful eye,
And drooping her head like a summer flower
When autumn days are nigh !

The breeze as he moaned through the lattices
Caught a waif that strayed from her shining hair,
And floated it off for a love of his
To sleep on the lap of the sunset air,
While she breathed to her sailor-love's lock a kiss
And a sigh to her care.

He winged back the roses that grew on her face,
(The wind, not the lover, alas to say,)
And ransomed from exile her rare old grace,
That sorrow had stolen and caged away,
Till she shone like herself for a full hour's space,
Herself of a vanished day.

For now he was bending a sail to shore,
Till hopes would arise, and a heart would beat
With promise of parting for nevermore
From him whom she trusted so soon to meet :
But the ship, while she gazed at it, tacked and bore
To sea with straining sheet.

The sail in the swelling horizon sank,
The breeze died away in a calm at night,
And bosom and cheek on the maiden shrank,
As ship after ship would heave into sight,
And anchor and weigh and stand for the bank
At the mouth of the bight.

Until of a morn on the windy tower
The breeze caught the waifs of bright hair no more :
She had sighed and sorrowed for that dead hour
Till her season for sorrows and sighs was o'er;
But the swallows still darted around her bower
As they darted of yore.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

(To some Orphans.)

GOD took your mother to him. Do not weep,
For so He giveth His belovèd sleep ;
And sleep she needed after all her pain ;
She left you, but to welcome you again
After your own probation-term is done ;
You have your task to finish, as this one
Who had not lost in snow her youth's gold crown
When the Lord bade her lay her burden down.
O children, do not weep !
For so He giveth His belovèd sleep.

It was but dawn that broke on her long night,
As dawn hath given us this morning bright ;
Her night was dark and painful, but her day
Is fair as Austral mornings are in May.

And Time will heal your wounds, as time healed mine ;
For I, too, lost a mother as benign
And tender and love-worshipped as was yours,
And grief refused to pass, save as the hours
 Pass—imperceptibly.
Weep not ! for, flow'r-like, she was born to die.

My mother lies beneath a far-off sky,
Where the wild Channel drowns the sea mews' cry
Against the Sussex cliffs. In vain I crave
The humble joy of looking on her grave ;
I cannot strew the violets on her breast ;
I cannot sit where cross her palms in rest,
As symbols of the pure humility
With which she prayed to live and learned to die.
 I may not even roam
Up the sad road that leads to her last home.

But you can plant white lilies in the spring
Over your love, and see them blossoming
With each returning spring—a parable
Of her reflowering who loved them well.
And you for comfort to her side can creep,
And sit close by her where she lies asleep.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

Nor far will you be parted, even here
While in the body pent. Be of good cheer,
And, children, do not weep,
For so He giveth His belovèd sleep.

MEMENTOS.

O COOL Southwind,
From icebergs blowing and the world of sea,
You mist my mind
With memories of the North, and wing to me
With your crisp breath
A whiff of breezy spring and that wind flower,
Which blossometh
In Kentish woods in March's merry hour.

And you, ye waves
Spring from the ice which girds the Southern pole,
The tide that laves
My country, knows you but as soul knows soul,
Alike in kind
But moving in its own and separate sphere.
Yet as the wind
You waft me memories of Northlands dear.

MEMENTOS.

O threatening sky,
You are not beautiful, but when there be
Dark clouds on high,
They conjure up remembrances for me
Of tones now dumb,
And dear ones drawing closer round the fire ;
And with them come
Storms of regret and rain-drops of desire.

I love the sun,
Blue heavens, southern air, and sea in calm ;
The summer done,
I feel as in a northern clime, a palm
Torn from its home ;
And, yet whenever clouds and cold appear
Or fierce sea foam,
I welcome them, as if old friends drew near.

MY LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the news lightened o'er the seas, which said
That Longfellow was dead,
I rose and took his volume from the shelf,
Made roughly by myself,
With dust-browned title-leaf, twice over bound,
Each page with marks all round
Instinct with sweet and sad interpretations ;
Those neat soft pencillings
Point out the lines my mother chose in turn
For me by heart to learn :
Those now faint underlinings mark the joy
That seized me when a boy,
At some fresh touch of Nature, or a shout
Of victory or rout,
In an Icelandic legend, or a tale,
Quaint and fantastical,
Of the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee,
Or rude mythology

MY LONGFELLOW.

Of the Red Indian, or the sober life,
Free from the ancient strife,
Led by the Pilgrims in their western home.
And sometimes too I roam
To pencil marks drawn downwards on a page,
The work of riper age,
Significant of well-considered praise :
And, written in those days,
I see initials in a woman's hand,
Who came not to this land.
Let there be given to the cunning seer
Some portion of the tear
That plashed upon the book for the old love,
Like pearl or wing of dove
In her hair's sheen and subtlety of hue,
And with a depth of blue
Stolen from heaven in some Promethean wise
To glorify her eyes.
She grew as grows the willow in the spring,
Before it falls weeping ;
But when the summer came she wept and drooped
Like a wild bird that's cooped
From soaring up to carol nearer heaven :
Her first love she was given,

A POETRY OF EXILES.

And then the hand that lent her took her back,
As transient as the rack
That for a while a hill peak will enshroud
And then reseeks its cloud.

WESTWARD HO!

WESTWARD HO!

A Mail-day Rhyme.

WESTWARD Ho! the east winds blow athwart the Indian sea,
And westward ho! the ship doth go, that beareth news to thee.
But yesternight I dream'd I came unto my father's hall;
The quickset hedges were the same, the ivy on the wall.

The house stood open and I saw my sister on the stair;
She call'd my father to the door, and I embrac'd him there.
A brother and a sister came in answer to her call;
The quickset hedges were the same, the ivy on the wall.

They talk'd apace, and laugh'd apace, and loud the voices grew,
And then they look'd me in the face and said 'twas bronzed in hue;
Then asked me of the strange south seas where I had been so long,
And of the swarthy savages that I had dwelt among.

So laughed we and so chatted we the sun adown the sky,
Then spent the night in jovial glee until the sun was high.
It was a dream. I stand to-day beneath Australia's sun;
The bower-birds were out at play this morning on the run.

A POETRY OF EXILES.

It was a dream; I was not there, nor on my native shore,
No sister stood upon the stair, no father at the door.
But westward ho the east winds blow athwart the Indian sea,
And westward ho the ship doth go that beareth news of me.

ON A BIRTHDAY CARD.

ON A BIRTHDAY CARD.

A BIRTHDAY offering,
A little one I bring ;
Yet do not it despise,
For it hath come from far,
From one whose pathway lies
Beneath the southern star.

It comes to tell you this,
That, though too far apart
For lip and lip to kiss,
Yet heart can cling to heart ;
And therefore do I bring
This little offering.

TO THE MAIL STEAMER.

Leaving Melbourne for the Downs.

O STATELY mailship, weighing for the north,
Carry this message to my home for me :
Tell them that I would fain and gladly forth,
With thee northwestwards o'er the Indian sea.
O stately mailship, tell them that my eyes
Followed thy foamy track across the bay,
And followed it in such a wistful wise
As if my sight would follow it away.
Tell them, O stately mailship, that my thought
Started with thee, but took so swift a flight,
That, ere thy circling screw the sea-waves caught,
It had the chalk cliffs of my home in sight.
And tell them, stately ship, that, when I come,
I will stay longer than thou wilt at home.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

*(Written in Victoria, Australia, where the time is nine hours and a half
ahead of English time.)*

IT'S half-past six by us, P.M., so you will soon be wending
Your way up to the leeward edge, with pointer and with gun,
For 'tis the glorious Twelfth to-day, of honour never ending,
And we have not forgotten it beneath an Austral sun.

It's not so many years ago since you and I together
Were working on this very Twelfth the old Dumfriesshire moor,
And treading with elastic step the fragrant, crackling heather,
While "Dick" and "Ben," with noses down, were on the grouses'
spoor.

How grand it seemed for one whose gun had lain since February
Upon the gun-rack, suddenly, to see his pointer stop
And stiffen out his tail, the while he stood erect and wary
And waited till you topped the ridge upon the brood to drop !

A POETRY OF EXILES.

And grander still, on drawing near, to see the red grouse springing,
Before his well-trained nose, about as far as you could kill,
And get both barrels on their heads, and shoot them cleanly, bringing
A cock down right and left, stone dead, with scarce a damaged quill !

And then the luncheon on the moor, with purple mountains sweeping
Behind each other, wave on wave, as far as you could see,
And little tufts of moss and fern between the boulders peeping,
To mark the brooklet's lair in case the ladies wanted tea.

Ethel had eyes as blue as were the August skies above her,
And hair as bright and sparkling as the bumpers of champagne
With which we gave her Kentish fire. You could not help but love her,
She was so dainty in her grace and gracious in disdain.

Mary was Vesta—lit the fire—Ethel our Dian—fainer
To shoot, and smile her sweetest thanks on any gentleman
Who chose to give her up his gun for half an hour, and train her—
Hippolyta the Second 'and a modern Marian,

Dressed all in tweed, with kilted skirt and manly Norfolk jacket,
And curious eyes would note below a real shooting boot,
But so well shaped and tasteful that it seemed profane to black it,
Laced tightly to the ankle of her arched and slender foot.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

Is Ethel there with you, besieged by just as many lovers?

Or has she cried "Peccavi!" to some fox-and-game bashaw,
And been transferred from running wild to strictly-keepereed covers,
Where "Poaching will be met with all the rigours of the law"?

I long to walk with you once more in your grand August weather
Upon the old Dumfriesshire moor, with pointer and with gun,
And scent the fragrance of the breeze that roams o'er sea and heather—
I almost long to see an adder coiled up in the sun

Upon the warm dry peat beside the edge of the brown water,
Or a hedgehog, or a stoat, for it would look so like old times;
And I'd like to show Miss Ethel, too, if by herself I caught her,
That I have lips for something else besides repeating rhymes.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

GROUSE shooting's grand in August : for the first of fair September,

Pleasant it was to wend his way back to familiar Kent,
To shoot through fields and hop-gardens in which he could remember
Each rise and dip, and gap and gate, that met him as he went.

In that 12-acre paddock there he brought down his first partridge,
Before the season, 'mid the hoots of reapers looking on ;
And his grandfather on that knoll fired off his latest cartridge,
The day that his long pilgrimage of eighty years was done.

That's the first gate he ever took upon the old grey pony ;
To that oak copse his father oft to meet his mother crept,
And down the road that rounds the hill he drove with just one crony,
To marry her at Harbledown, while all the " big house " slept.

There stands the hall where he was born, with chimney-stacks and gables

In the Elizabethan style, and crown-glass window-panes,
And with a courtyard built all round with outhouses and stables,
Of old red brick, suffused with brown by sun and weather stains.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

He longs to go back home and have a walk with the old keeper,
Who taught him how to hold a gun, and set up the goshawk,
That was his earliest trophy—shot just where the edge grows steeper,
And hangs above the Roman road, a crumbling cliff of chalk.

He longs to go back home and have a shoot with his old neighbours,
With those who'd shared his holidays, since holidays he had,
And were his mates and rivals in all country sports and labours
Upon the ancient manor, ever since he was a lad.

And he'd love a stiff day's walking, and his father to dispute his
Supremacy with bird for bird from dawn to fall of night,
In undulating plough-fields, where the speckled little beauties
Might rise from any rise one topped, a dozen at a flight ;

Or to work a field of turnips with his favourite Gordon setter,
Unheeding of the dew that lies in Autumn on the "Roots,"
Until a shiver told him that he'd "had a thorough wetter,"
Above, and in between, and through his gaiters and his boots ;

And to see his cousin Maggie, looking most divinely pretty,
With her blush and smile of welcome and her gauzy dinner-dress,
The feathered quarry finger with a tender touch of pity,
To alloy her exultation, and enhance her loveliness.

Her cheeks had not the rose, her hair was russet and not golden,
Her eyes if blue at all, were not "hall-marked" in their sky hue ;
Yet needed it no lover's eye the viewer to embolden,
To match her with the wearers of the gold and of the blue.

THE YELLOW SANDS OF SUSSEX.

THEY stood upon the yellow sands—
An old man and a brown-eyed maid—
And said, "'Twas here his childish hands
With little wooden pail and spade
Worked bravely at the grand designs
That filled his childhood's fertile brain,
Castles and towers and rampart-lines,
Which crumbled when the sea again
Came rolling in with jealous wave,
And through their bastions sapped and clave."

They talk upon the yellow sands—
The maiden and the grey-haired man—
Of one who now no longer stands
Where he his childhood's hopes began.

They say, "The little hands, that then
Were busy with the wooden spade,
Are far away and with the pen
The fertile brain its towers has made,"
And wonder if, where now he stands,
He muses on these yellow sands.

Far off—on shores Australian—
He stands, of whom these words they said,
The first son of the grey-haired man,
The brother of the brown-eyed maid;
And, when not busy with his pen,
And with no voices in his ears,
He often bends his thoughts again
Unto those dear old childish years,
When he upon that distant strand
Was playing with the yellow sand.

The grey-haired man had locks as brown
As are the brown-eyed maid's to-day;
The brown-eyed maid—in baby gown,
Was hardly old enough to play,

THE YELLOW SANDS OF SUSSEX.

When he, the brother and the son,—
A child—was playing on the shore
Beneath the light of eyes now gone ;
And yet it seemed as if no more
Of months than there were years had passed,
Since he and they had stood there last.

Far off, upon Australian sands,
A fair-haired boy they've never seen,
With wooden spade in childish hands,
Like that which in his sire's had been,
Is shaping out some grand designs,
Known only to his childish brain,
But strangely-like the towered lines
Which, once, beyond the northern main,
His Father used with childish hands
To rear upon the yellow sands.

It may perchance some afterday
Fall out that on these Austral sands,
I shall point out some spot and say,
“'Twas here his little childish hands

Worked bravely at the vast designs,
That filled his childhood's active brain,"
When the fair boy has sought the pines,
Which wave beyond the northern main,
And the world's sand shall show impress
Of his maturer activeness.

These two thus talking on the sands,
The old man and the brown-eyed maid,
Proudly, regretfully of hands
Which here in their glad childhood played,
Are they not types of half our life?
Upon the seashore of the mind
We stand, reviewing time-scapes rife
With memories long left behind,
Of those, who from our sight are lost
Beyond the sea, by Dead-folk crossed.

Are not the castles on the sands
A type of hopes and aims sublime,
Which youth, so sanguine of his hands,
Would build upon the sands of time?

THE YELLOW SANDS OF SUSSEX.

Are not the waves, which, rolling on,
Have levelled all the child began,
A type of the oblivion
Which overwhelms all works of man
That are not set up high and dry
Above the tide, impregnably?

Adieu, upon the yellow sands,
O greyhaired man and brown-eyed maid,
Gone there to talk of childish hands
Which plied a busy wooden spade !
Adieu, upon the yellow sands,
O maiden and O greyhaired man !
Be sure of this, that he, who stands
Upon far shores Australian,
Makes oft a spirit pilgrimage
To haunts he loved in childhood's age.

TILBURY FORT GATEWAY.

OLD gateway, brooding over Thames's water,
Thou wakest a proud thrilling of romance
In every Englishman, who stays to glance
Remembering that here the Tudors' daughter,
With all the flower of London to escort her,
Halted to bar the Spaniard's advance,
And calling up the fame and puissance
Of the Round Table of sea-knights, who brought her
To splendour worthy of a Fairy Queen,
And him who hailed her such, and him who drew
The fifth King Harry in his battle scene.
But we regard thee with a tenderer view,
Who stepped aboard beneath thine ancient guns
For the new England under southern suns.

THE TWO BIRTHDAYS.

MY birthday has come round again—the sun is heaven high,
As suns in February are in Austral Asia's sky,
The north-wind lays the waves to sleep upon Port Philip's breast,
And Nature, wearied with the heat, apes the uneasy rest
That sick folk have—too tired to move, yet not with slumber blest.

It was not thus five years ago to man's estate I came,
The scene, the seasons, and the sights, the sounds were not the same,
For crisp against the frosty sky stood out the rugged stones
Of Oxford's gray old colleges and shrines of founders' bones,
While half a hundred towers swung sweet chimes of ancient tones.

This morning at the pitch of noon, as I was leaning back
On a cane lounge some trader bought while lying at Cuttack,
The glare and heat that filtered through the greenness of the blind
Laid a soft soporific spell of languor on my mind,
And nod by nod, against my will, to slumber I declined.

Forthwith before my eyes were drawn vistas of Oxford days,
My panelled room, with ceiling low and cushioned window-bays,
The great hall with its ancient glass and giant fireplaces,
And wainscot walls with portraits hung of notabilities,
Who had their share of glory in the dead old centuries.

And then the arching limewalk, with its summer coat of green,
And the broad lawns of levelled turf, with gravelled walks between.
'Twas 'mid the limes one day in June that Rosy first I met,
Dressed in a wilderness of lace and creamy sarcenet,
And with a saucy Gainsborough on her bright tresses set.

Sweet Rosy, she had eyes that danced to match her fitful moods,
Now they shot broadsides from their ports, now swam with swelling
floods,
Now laughed, now sympathised—she'd change a dozen times a day,
And every change was chronicled in some mercurial way,
By the swift orbs that stood alert, as the red stag at bay.

Rosy and I had many a tiff, spent many hours together
In that delightful avenue, in June and joyous weather ;
Now we were friends, and hovering most perilously near
To that sweet state when clasped hands cling, and mothers look severe,
Proportionately as one has or hasn't much a year.

THE TWO BIRTHDAYS.

Now we were foes at daggers drawn, and Rosy's eyes flashed ire—
A grim blue light, as when yule folk fling salt upon the fire ;
The while she fingered savagely the coil of gleaming hair,
That lay against her slender neck as beautifully fair
As were the locks, in story famed, of Arthur's Guinevere.

It was a dream : my studious feet tread Oxford stones no more ;
This many a day I've stood upon a far-off southern shore,
Where frosts in June strike down the leaves from off the yellowing* trees
And February reigns in blue o'er all the heavens and seas,
And breathes the North a burning breath, the South a cooling breeze.

Here daily ladies meet my gaze than Rosy fairer far,
And full of smiles as southern skies of cloudless mornings are—
Ladies whose free and daring life has bred a free brave grace,
Such as our ancestresses had—blue-eyed and fair of face,
Ere yet our Viking sires had left the cradle of our race.

Yet, somehow, none of them can claim the empire over me
Which Rosy with her pouts and frowns wielded so royally :
A spring has dried up in my heart—the sun has left the skies
That tinged with magic hues whate'er she set before my eyes,
And since the old tune died away I cannot harmonize.

* The Australian trees are evergreen, but all great Australian towns are full of imported deciduous trees.

A BIRTHDAY LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

I N other days I loved to see the smile upon your face,
To hear the laugh of girlish glee and note the kindly grace
Which welcomed with sincere delight each birthday offering,
Alike the jewel, and the mite which Poverty could bring.

To-day, beneath a southern sun, I dream of what has been,
Of dear old days that now are done, and each familiar scene ;
Of tea upon the garden seat beside the leafy limes,
And voices sweet that used to greet my ears in other times.

To-day between us roll and heave five thousand leagues of foam,
Yet 'tis not easy to believe that I am far from home ;
For the same friendly English speech salutes the wanderer's ear,
And English hearts and hopes can reach this southern hemisphere.

Good-bye, dear sister ! you shall be remember'd well to-night,
We'll drink your health with three times three in champagne beakers
bright :

Thus ev'ry year, till by and by I meet you all once more
'Neath the familiar northern sky and on our mother shore.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

'TIS Christmas and the North wind blows ; 'twas two years yesterday

Since from the *Lusitania's* bows I looked o'er Table Bay,
A tripper round the narrow world, a pilgrim of the main,
Expecting when her sails unfurl'd to start for home again.

'Tis Christmas, and the North wind blows ; to-day our hearts are one,
Though you are 'mid the English snows and I in Austral sun,
You, when you hear the Northern blast, pile high a mightier fire,
Our ladies cower until it's past in lawn and lace attire.

I fancy I can picture you upon this Christmas night,
Just sitting as you used to do, the laughter at its height :
And then a sudden, silent pause intruding on your glee,
And kind eyes glistening because you chanced to think of me.

This morning when I woke and knew 'twas Christmas come again,
I almost fancied I could view white rime upon the pane ;
And hear the ringing of the wheels upon the frosty ground,
And see the drip that downward steals in icy casket bound.

I daresay you'll be on the lake, or sliding on the snow,
And breathing on your hands to make the circulation flow,
Nestling your nose among the furs of which your boa's made,—
The Fahrenheit here registers a hundred in the shade.

It is not quite a Christmas here with this unclouded sky,
This pure transparent atmosphere, this sun mid heaven-high ;
To see the rose upon the bush, young leaves upon the trees,
And hear the forest's summer hush or the low hum of bees.

But cold winds bring not Christmastide, or budding roses June,
And when it's night upon your side we're basking in the noon.
Kind hearts make Christians—June can bring blue sky or clouds above ;
The only universal spring is that which comes of love.

And so it's Christmas in the South as on the North-Sea coasts,
Though we are starv'd with summer-drouth, and you with winter frosts.
And we shall have our roast beef here, and think of you the while,
Though all the watery hemisphere cuts off the mother isle.

Feel sure that we shall think of you, we who have wandered forth,
And many a million thoughts will go to-day from south to north ;
Old heads will muse on churches old, where bells will ring to-day—
The very bells, perchance, which toll'd their fathers to the clay.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

And now, good night ! and I shall dream that I am with you all,
Watching the ruddy embers gleam athwart the panell'd hall ;
Nor care I if I dream or not, though sever'd by the foam,
My heart is always in the spot which was my childhood's home.

A WEDDING LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

DEAR Mary, I can picture you—the grey, familiar aisle—
The veiling lace of spotless hue—the shy, delightful smile—
The new emotion, just awake—the sight with dew-drops dim—
The trembling promise to forsake the world to follow him.

Sweet be your hours of wedded life, such hours as had our queen,
Or Eleanor the loyal wife, who foiled the Saracene,
Sweet summer be your wedding day, and summer be your years,
And cloud and tempest be away from both their atmospheres.

Fair be your branches, straight of stem, and laden with ripe fruit,
And may new branches spring from them to keep the ancient root
From lying hidden in the earth, its very site unknown,
Like millions of forgotten worth in every age and zone.

And now, good night, for night has come to us in Austral climes,
Although the noonday sun at home still shines above the limes :
To-night it is your wedding morn, and on your wedding night,
Here, half-way 'twixt Good Hope and Horn, all will be morning
bright.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

MY heart is like the needle
Which points for ever north,
No matter where it's sailing,
From end to end of earth :
As polestar rules the compass,
As lodestone sways the steel,
There is a home in England
Whose magnet-power I feel.

And there my heart points ever
On cloudy days and fair,
When winds are blowing gently,
Or squalls are in the air :
And in the merry future
I'll trim my sails by it,
And homeward-bound, North-westwards,
Across the billows flit.

A POETRY OF EXILES.

A POETRY of Exiles—we are exiles
From the heirlooms and cradle of our race,
Its hallowed scenes of trials and of triumphs,
Its battlefields, its castles and its graves.

We cannot go to some thatch-roofed farm-house
Or garret in a ruin overhanging
The High Street of a mediæval town,
And say “’twas here that first his eyes saw light
Who won the famous victory,” or pause,
With head uncovered, by the battered tomb
Of one who gave a nation liberty.

We cannot worship in a village church
With walls declaring how our ancestors
Of generations died and were beloved.
We cannot stand in our old halls and say
Here all my sires for centuries have stood.

Ah no ! a world of ocean shuts us off
From each association that we prize,
Our boasts, our yearnings and our history,
Are bound up in the land we left behind ;

We to the end are Men of Kent and Scots,
North countrymen, West countrymen and Irish,
Begotten in the Colonies indeed,
But bearing in our speech and our traditions
And prejudice the stamp of the old home.

But then if we are exiles, we are free,
The clouds, the chill, the tempest left behind,
For warmth and clear blue skies and calm blue seas.
We, who were cooped up by competing crowds
In ever narrowing strips of the old land,
Can push out into distance unsurveyed :
And we who lived amid the smoke of cities
Can ramble into virgin forest-glades,
Where crimson tulips and rock-lilies blow
Surpassing in their span and brilliance
The monarchs of the garden, and each tree
And shrub and thicket glows with wealth of bloom
As beautiful and fragrant as the flowers
Which only grow down on the ground in fields
And woods of England. Each can have a home
And freehold of his own, and no close phalanx
Of sons of Norman knights and Saxon thegns
Confronts the artizan and labourer
When he aspires to climb into command.

But wherewith shall we strike a resonant string
Upon the exile's lyre?—what note of pride,
Of ecstasy, of horror, of regret?
We have no history, no battlefields,
No shattered castles, no debateable
And ballad-crowded border ; no romance
Of courtly birth, no storied Westminster ;
But we have our own heroes, men who dared
The unknown perils of the wilderness
To make the land we live in known to us,
And died by nameless deaths. And we have chasms
Paved with primeval forests and with ramparts
Dwarfing to ant-heaps human fortresses.
And we have sunny days and cloudless skies
In long procession : harbours fairy green
And forest flowery from topmost tree
Down to the tiny creek that drains the dell.

Our battlesongs must be of exploration,
Our idylls of Bush-flowers and the wives
Who are the flowers of our exiled life :
Our metaphors of awe and the sublime
Must paint the fell and forest, and our rhythm
Must gallop o'er illimitable plains,
Or listen to the swaying of the trees

Couched by campfires at night, when day-sounds sleep :
The majesty of space and solitude
Must kindle wonder, and the undimmed blue
Of southern skies breathe airiness and grace.

But ever through our measures let there run
An echo of old voices, a reflex
Of unforgotten scenes, a waft of flowers
Which grow on English banks and Scottish braes
Or round the stillness of an Irish lake,
To show that on the far Pacific isle
The blood flows uncorrupted in our veins.

QUIS SEPARABIT.

(An answer to those who consider Colonial Independence desirable.)

WHY separate? I would that we were one—
Not we, and she, and Canada, alone,
But our lost brothers of the Union.
Union is strength—union is statescraft, too ;
And what are we, if England be not with us,
But a few traders fringing the sea-coast
Of a huge half-discovered continent—
A few backwoodsmen pushing out our bounds
A forced-march further in the wilderness
Through peril and starvation, year by year.
We have a noble future, but not yet
Have we emerged from childhood, and our bones
And sinews are not set to manhood's mould ;
We are not old enough to leave our home
And launch out into life, like grown-up men ;
We could not, by ourselves, maintain the strife
In war, with a great nation, disciplined
And hardened in a thousand years of battles ;

QUIS SEPARABIT.

We are the pickets of an army sent
To pioneer and keep a steady watch
Against advancing foes—a vanguard sent
To carry a position, and hold out
Until the reinforcements can come up.
We have done yeoman's service for the State ;
But is it wise to call for separation
From the main force, and constitute ourselves
An independent corps, because no foe
Has fronted us, no lurid cloud of war
Darkened our fair horizon ?

While we cling
(To our great mother we are sons and heirs
To all the heroes in her Abbey laid ;
Our fathers fought at Creçy, Agincourt,
Blenheim, Quebec, Trafalgar, Waterloo ;
Shakspeare's and Bacon's countrymen are we,
Newton's disciples, friends of Walter Scott,
Fellow-inventors of Watt, Stephenson,
Arkwright, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Wheatstone,
Fellow discoverers of Drake and Cook,
Brothers-in-arms of Wellington and Nelson,
(Successors to the Lords of Runnymede,
Assigns of the Petitioners of Right,

Executors of England's Constitution,
Joint-tenants of the commerce of the world,
Joint-owners of the Empire upon which
The sun sets never, co-heirs of the Fame
Built up by valour, learning, statesmanship,
Integrity, endurance, and devotion,
On land and sea, in fierce and frozen climes,
Through eight blood-stained and glorious centuries.
Divide us, and we sink at once to bourgeois,
Received in the society of nations
For our new wealth, but laughed at secretly
By the proud governments of ancient blood,
Who ever wear their rapiers at their sides
To draw for fancied insults—while poor we,
Like good plain tradesmen, have to put our pride
Into our pocket, and, when one cheek's struck,
Present the other meekly to the smiter.

But while we live as children in the household
Of the Great Empire, let them but insult
Her honour in the poorest artizan
Who labours in our streets, and there will follow
Swift vengeance, borne along in serried ranks
Of veterans, or wafted over seas
In her triumphant navy's iron fleets.

QUIS SEPARABIT.

Dear land of my adoption, sever not
The right hand from thy parent, nor despoil
Thy mother of her youngest, fairest child,
But rather be united in thyself,
With all thy members knit in close communion,
And strive to draw thy sisters, east and west,
More closely round her till, in after years,
The children—older, wiser, mightier—
Shall be found worthy to assert their voice
Beside their mother, in a Parliament
Replete from every corner of the realm.

AN AUSTRALIAN EPODE.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis," etc.

HOW happy he, who, far from Sydney heat
And from the noisy, dusty street,
Can spend his days in carelessness among
The woodland shade and woodland song.
How gladly could I pass a peaceful life,
Away from city stir and strife,
On the Blue Mountains in a little cot,
By road and rail not quite forgot,
With half a square mile round it, where my mood
Could be indulged with clearing wood
And laying out an orchard and a plot
Of kitchen garden, a still spot
With shelter from the gales which eastward blow,
And ever-running creek below,
Threading its way twixt tangled ferny bowers.
I'd leave one half to native flowers,

Boronias, lobelias and heaths
And lilac-pencilled creamy wreaths
Of clematis, with myriad bells around
The stems and crowns of saplings wound.
I'd never cut the royal Waratah
But leave each crimson glowing star
To shine, a glory, through the ambient bush,
Or open in its peerless flush
The monarch of a flower-bed supreme,
The blossom of an eastern dream.
Here I'd watch Nature in her housewife sphere
Of daily duties through the year,
In winter making earth's parched surface cool
And filling creek and tank and pool,
In spring releasing budding leaves and flowers,
Imprisoned through the wintry hours
And in the fiercest of the summer heat,
In summer filling fruits with sweet
And bringing glittering days and clear fresh nights,
' Fair as the " Father of the Lights " '
Has deigned in any age, in any clime
Since earth was in her Eden-prime,
And in the autumn shedding eves of rest
For heads with summer-noons distressed.

In winter I would have a noble blaze,
A glimpse of summer in dark days,—
No stint of fuel where the ground to clear
Could fill the hearths for many a year.
Felling majestic logs would give me health
As well as save a mint of wealth
In coal unpurchased. Great men oft have found
A fount of youth in clearing ground :
Gladstone in England ; our most learned men
Have wielded axe as well as pen.
The fallen stringy-bark would give the slab
To roof the wattle and the dab ;
The straight, young sapling-trees would build the frame,
And make the fence to bound my claim ;
The best and handiest of trunk and root
My fuel-hoard would constitute ;
The giant stumps too massive to out-grub
I'd burn on windy days with scrub
Too poor to stack. Felling and firing trees
Would be my winter cure for ease,
When not employed in breaking up field soil
To fit it for its annual toil,
Or hoeing up the weeds between the lines
Of lemons, oranges, and vines.

And when the swift night of the winter came,
Beside a homely oil-lamp flame
I'd dip into the hoard of books I've ta'en
In all my flights o'er land and main.
To take up one would mind me of the home
I left beyond the northern foam,
With its bright plate and ancient portraits hung
The spacious dining-room along.
Round sisters fair and father good and dear
Enjoying dainty English cheer,
Almost in earshot of the classic bells,
Whose ring the infant cockney tells ;
Another would recall the famous school
Where I was ruled and taught to rule,
As captain of it : this, with notes and signs
On margins and between the lines,
Would conjure up an image of grey walls
And Oxford's memorable halls,
And the conflicting tides of college days,
The hopes of academic praise
With the temptations to let fair days slip
In bright ease and boon fellowship ;
And that so daintily preserved might tell
Of some fair girl whom I loved well,

Or whom I pleased in the old land, wherein
 It was my proud fate to begin.
And all this pageant might unfold its state
 In a small room some twelve by eight
Of bark hut or of weatherboarded cot
 In a secluded mountain spot
Five thousand leagues from where I "took my gown," *
 And fifty odd from Sydney town.

In spring I'd keep the untaxed wood-fires on
 Till my full meed of sun-fire shone,
And, out of doors, I'd spend my morning hours
 In regist'ring the births of flowers.
I'd make a calendar and mark each day
 Not in the antiquated way
But with the opening buds. The prickly heath,
 The first to leave its wintry sheath,
And each unfolding star that followed it,
 Should on my watchful page be writ.
I'd listen to the brown bee's lulling speech
 From the pink promise of the peach
And pluck the golden oranges which hung
 Their incense-snow of bloom among,

* The Oxford expression for taking one's degree.

AN AUSTRALIAN EPODE.

And in the southern noontide's solemn hush
I'd take my book into the bush
And watch the operations of the spring,
The wrens their nestlings fostering,
The lizards darting out again to greet
The advent of their favourite heat,
A stray snake here and there half-numbed and slow
In the well-nigh forgotten glow,
And insects coming back to haunt the shade
Wherein their race last summer played,
The flickering shade of chequered light and dark,
Of Austral forest depths the mark.
For the thin gum-leaves with their mournful droop
And stiff mimosas loath to stoop,
Cannot block out the puissant southern sun
As oak and ash and beech have done
In many an unforgotten Kentish glade,
Wherein in childhood's days we played.

In summer I would leave my bed betimes
To have the mornings in their primes
For gathering the ripened English fruits
From trees and plants with bloom and roots,

These guarded from the frost, those duly fed,—

From cherry-croft and strawberry-bed,
Currant and gooseberry garden, all in vain
Implanted on the sultry plain.

And when the sun attained his noonday crown

I'd on an easy bank lie down
And revel in contrasted hues divine,
The sky blue on the sombre line
Of dark-green forest round the mountain top,

With here and there a grey outcrop
Of bald defiant rock : and when the eve
The heaven and earth should interweave

In web of golden fire, I'd stand upon

A gorge's summit, looking on
The shadow cast by intervening hill

Upon the treetops, sleeping still
Down in its heart a thousand feet below,

Where man's foot might not ever go,
And then retrace my steps once more to give

My garden wherewithal to live—
The water whereof Heav'n so great a need,
So little store has us decreed.

A hearty meal should close the day, and night
Should soon lend slumber and delight.

AN AUSTRALIAN EPODE.

When autumn followed, I should feel at first
A throb of exultation burst
At its fresh morns, but I should mind me soon
That autumn was the afternoon,
That winter's night, and spring's awakening dawn,
Even when autumn was withdrawn,
Must intervene, ere in full grace the morn
The mount and forest could adorn,
Although in this inimitable land,
Even the winter skies were bland.
I'd spend the autumn noons in calling back
From the loath summer's downward track
Gleams of his glory, and when autumn's night
Swooped down more swiftly on the light
Once more, I'd lit my lamp, and bring my books
At dusk from their accustomed nooks.

Here I'd cast off ambition and the cares
Of making fortunes, with their snares,
Forget each eager longing of my life,
Forget each triumph, trial, strife,

Forget the toils of boyhood and of youth,
For crowns scholastic, and in sooth

Censure and praise and social days forget,
With each attendant joy and fret,
Content an uneventful life to lead,
With nought but health and peace for meed.

A man who has a cot, though small it be,
From rent and tax and mortgage free,
With half a mile of freehold round it, where
He can take exercise and air,
With trees to cut for fire, and fence, and shed,
And orchard, flower- and cabbage-bed,
And old book friends and stranger books within,
When rain or nightfall drives him in,
And just enough of yearly income clear
To let him drink his English beer,
Careless of cost as oft as he may please,
Should be a very prince-at-ease,
And doubly prince if he can have his cot
Upon some lovely mountain spot,
With view of forest, fall and precipice,
To dazzle and delight his eyes,
And on vine, shrub and tree, a wealth of flowers,
Wondrous and wild in springtide hours,

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA.

And trebly if he have with cot and land
And vista flowery and grand,
A fair girl in her womanhood's fresh spring,
With something of the flowering,
And something of the lofty mountain side
Of Nature in herself allied,
To share and to illuminate his life,
As sweetheart ne'er discrowned and wife,
A girl whose elegance and pleading face
And the refinement of whose grace
Will guard him from neglecting, while they roam,
The gentle habits of a home ;
A girl who will not fear to walk or ride
Long journeys at her husband's side,
Or, if need be, to spend a long lone day,
When business summons him away,
And one whose approbation sweet will lend
The palm to every labour's end.

But human nature's human nature still,
Just one joy more his cup would fill
That on his little freehold near the spot
Where he has reared his rustic cot,

A POETRY OF EXILES

Rich seams of coal should near the surface lie,
That he might "float a company"
And have the means, whenever he was fain,
Of living in the town again
'Mid every luxury that wealth and art
Could add to gratify his heart.

GONE HOME.

(FREDERICK BARKER, *Bishop of Sydney, born and buried at Baslow,
Derbyshire.*)

SHAKESPEARE, his life's work over, fell asleep
Where his own Avon, broad and slow and deep,
Lazily washes, with its waters brown,
The outskirts of the little low-built town
In which he first saw light ; whither he came
Oft, from the crush of work and flush of fame,
To snatch a summer holiday among
The sights and sounds he loved when he was young.
Here, when he saw the shadows of his end
Sloping, before the darkness should descend
Upon his eyes, he set himself to win
A quiet twilight-converse with his kin ;
And, when the night dropped gently down God's dome,
Lay down beside his sires in their long home.
John Milton, journeying threescore years and more,

Mostly 'mid darkness, evil days, and war,
Both in high places and in low estate,
Had gone no further off than Cripplegate
(Starting from Bread-street) when his knees grew slack.
And Spenser, born in London, coming back,
Ere he was wearied out, to Westminster,
After his hope-wreck, bowed his sad head there ;
And Warren Hastings died in Worcestershire.

Surely there is no holier desire
Than that our bones should rest in the same earth
With the dear bones of those who gave us birth,
Tolled by the bells that fell upon our ear
When first we learned the meaning of "to hear" ;
Outside the church in which we went to pray
Upon that memorable Sabbath day
When we were first thought "old enough to take."
Is it not meeter, for our Mothers' sake,
That when we reach the measured term of men
We should be rendered unto dust again
Where from the dust we sprang?

And so you lie,
After long sojourn under Austral sky,
In your own Derbyshire ; if dead men hear,
You have the ceaseless plashing at the weir

GONE HOME.

Of the pent Derwent ; if the dead can see
In their new life where their old bodies be,
You'll know the gray church by the river side
Where, in old days, in your life's morning-tide,
Your father urged the villagers to heaven.
How happy you who in your life's late even,
Ere darkness fell, were given once more to roam
'Mid old associations of your home !
With what joy must you, e'en with weary feet,
Have climbed again the causewayed winding street
That led up from the parsonage to view
The sweeping moorlands, where the heather grew
And bloomed for miles in August, and to stand
Upon the breezy edge whence oft you'd scanned
Majestic Chatsworth ! How you must have loved
To stand upon the bridge, o'er which you roved
In boyhood, and once more to watch the trout
Between the stepping-stones dart in and out,
In the clear waters of the river seen
Like flames that flicker through a crystal screen !
Must not your eyes, in exile many a year,
Amid the newness of our hemisphere,
Have revelled in the time-transfigured walls
Of hoary Haddon's legendary halls ?

Would you not turn from Haddon to the tower
Where the Scots Queen beguiled her captive hour
With prayer and broidering and tapestry,
Or watching the huge carp that floated by?

And now you rest. Nor shall the palm-tree wave,
Hearse-like, her feathery plumes above your grave;
Nor shall the bushman walk his tired horse by,
And slouch his hat to shade his aching eye,
Dazzled and wearied with the glare which shone
Upon the headstone with your name thereon.
You have gone home; your native ash-trees weep
Over the sod whereon you lie asleep;
And the north country's ivy-mantled oak
Stands by, a witness that your own kinsfolk
Are with you after all your pilgrimage!
How oft must you, when parching to assuage
Your throat's drouth in "a dry and thirsty land,
Where is no water" 'mid the golden sand,
Have wished that you had never left the shore
Of the sweet sparkling Derwent! Nevermore
Shall you be parted. Could you but have seen
In those faint hours—a moment's space—the green
Of your own Derbyshire, you would have risen,
Like a refreshed giant, from your prison

GONE HOME.

Of thirst and fever, to renew the fight.
You will have cool moist moss throughout the night,
Pressed on your weary temples to allay
The heat and drouth and throbbings of the day.

THE PILGRIM.

HE grew weary of the promised land,
For all its grassy downs and golden sand,
And fell to thinking of the ancient home
He left to seek his hap beyond the foam.

Not that the glory of our summer shone
With minished magic, or the pure ozone
Of Austral winter mornings ceased to fill
His pulses with the old electric thrill :

Not that he tired of freedom or was fain
To bid farewell to the brave hearty men,
And fair engaging women, who had made
His sojourn sweet as ramble through a glade :

But that he hankered once again to stand
Before the storied castles of his land,
And once again to drink in, face to face,
The ruined abbey's melancholy grace :

THE PILGRIM.

And that in classic lands of east and west
He fain would—drawn by spells which gave no rest,—
Ere the deep voice of Homer he forgot
Or lingering tones of Horace, tread each spot

Immortal in the tale of Rome and Greece,
And watch the shades of evening increase .
Standing by Egypt's giant monoliths,
To muse on old Herodotus's myths :

And that he thought to climb, with untired feet,
Up Olivet and Zion, and the street
Of rockborn Petra, and with eyes of youth,
Undisciplined to the sad lens of truth,
Look on the places where the Son of God,
According to the Arab legend, trod.

PARRAMATTA OAK-WALK.

OVER my head the oak branches are sighing,
Out of yon lodge I hear English speech,
Under my feet the dead oak leaves are lying,
Rustling like shingle on Sussex beach.

Well could I fancy myself in old England
Were it not May and the leaves not red,
For May goes not thither till promised a spring land,
And May comes not hither till leaves are dead ;

And over my head in the violet heaven,
Lustrous as never are English skies,
Shone not the Cross of the South for the Seven
Dear in the north to my childish eyes ;

And on the hill did the gum-trees not shiver,
Flapping their vesture of tattered bark,
Emblems of desolate indigence ever
Winter and summer, by day and dark.

PARRAMATTA OAK-WALK.

Oaks make not England ; the oak-tree is rooted
Wherever an Englishman's foot may rest,
And the speech and the customs of England are bruited
From the swart south-east to the wild north-west.

ADELAIDE.

TWO miles out from the Semaphore the ship at anchor lies,
Steam up, about to bid adieu to our dear native skies.
Till now her flight has skimmed the shore, but when she wings to-night,
Her path is o'er the open sea across the Austral Bight.

It was not until Adelaide was sinking out of view
That all the lonely bitterness of leaving home we knew,
But, when the last Australian port was fading on our lee,
Then ! not till then, we realised that we were out at sea.

Adieu, dear native skies, adieu ! we may not hope to see
Earth's other skies as mild and bright, where'er on earth we be.
Adieu, dear native land ! adieu, home of our childhood's joy,
And home of freedom, peace and mirth, without the base alloy

Of want and sin that poverty and crowded millions bring
To the beloved and puissant isle from which we boast to spring,
Our home, where none need be too poor to have his cot and field
And where the man, who tills the land, reaps what the land may yield.

ADELAIDE.

Fare you well, Adelaide, farewell ! Just as we leave your shore
Hundreds are floating to your quays to share the bounteous store
You offer every willing hand, which breaks your fertile soil,—
A proper palm for honesty and certain crown for toil.

LONGFELLOW IS DEAD.

(Written in Australia, the day that the news of his death was telegraphed.)

A VOICE was wafted o'er the seas, which said
That Longfellow was dead ;
And straightway from three continents arose
Such hum of many woes
As rises from the nations when their great
Have bowed the head to fate.
This is the man who, born American,
Was yet an Englishman,
And gloried in the oneness of our race,
Though severed by the space
Of all the ocean highways of the world.
To-day should be unfurled
By all of English speech, drooped half-mast high,
The flag he loved to eye,
Charged with the Stars and Stripes : he was as dear
To men at home and here
As in the great Republic—all his song
To England doth belong,

LONGFELLOW IS DEAD.

As much as Milton's : for there were two sides
 Beyond Atlantic tides,
As there were in the great Rebellion.
 And what if he took one
And we the other ? 'tis no more than when
 One bard cursed the King's men,
And others satirized the Parliament.
 This soothsayer was sent
With magic words to charm-away the scars
 Left by the great old wars
Our fathers fought in fratricidal strife ;
 And through his active life
Was fusing back the pieces into one
 Pan-Anglic Union.
He used to boast that we were one in days
 When Shakespeare wrote his plays ;
And we can boast that in these latter hours
 All his own songs are ours.
We claim as ours the " Old Clock on the Stair,"
 And the " Two Locks of Hair."
" God's acre," and the " Voices of the Night,"
 And " Psalm of Life " delight
The dwellers in the old home in the North,
 And those whom she sent forth

To make an England here. The "April Day,"
 "It is not always May,"
"The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Wayside Inn,"
 And his "Evangeline,"
And "Haunted Houses" are a legacy
 To all of us who be
Of the same tongue, as well as those whose land
 Bore the magician's hand,
That touched these heartstrings. When we two were young,
 Were not the songs he sung
Our sample of all song? As we grew old
 We failed not to strike gold
Where'er we plied our picks. As ages roll,
 His fame, from pole to pole,
Will be as evergreen as it is wide,
 The while that side by side,
As was his wish, the Englands, old and new,
 Stand forth in all men's view
Brothers in blood and history and song,
 After estrangement long,
United by the words he spake to both
 More firmly than by oath.

GOODBYE—A RONDEAU.

GOD be with you—whose golden hair
Has been to me a beacon glare
Of bright and virtuous womanhood,
Graceful and arch as well as good,
You who have had your hearty share
In each my pleasure, each my care,
At home and in the summer air,
And only once misunderstood—
God be with you !

And while I whisper presage fair
Of true love floating in the air
For you, when comes the woman's mood—
The longing to be meetly wooed,
I breathe a sigh, and breathe a pray'r,
God be with you !

IN MEMORIAM, F. M. H.—A SONNET.

AS when a man who leaves his native shore
Finds it grow dimmer as the good ship flees,
So he, who long in our Antipodes
Sojourns, will find friends' features evermore
Eluding recollection, which before
Were near as well as dear. But when such die,
As on a pitch dark night the traveller's eye,
Waked by a flash of lightning-fire, runs o'er
The landscape round him—so the memory,
Waked by the shock, can call back every trait
Of face and person, light on lovingly
Each kindly look and gesture of a day
Now past for ever, till the shock goes by
As darkness closes round the lightning's ray.

A WEDDING SONNET.

TO thee, my brother, on our native shore
About to lead thy fancy's chosen bride
For coronation at the altar side,
I send fair hopes. Thou standest at the door
Of manhood's inner chamber, which passed o'er,
Are drawn out vistas goodly to the eye
Of fatherhood and clear-checked infancy,
Delightful childhood, youth afire to soar,
And useful, noble manhood ; and withal
Vistas for thee of a long life, well spent,
Declining through fair weather to its fall,
And with an Indian summer orient,
After the autumn winds have spread a pall
Of leaves as the first summer's monument.

THE TURNED PICTURE.

YES ! this is Madeline's bedside : how strange that I am here !
We have not changed a dozen words in all the lonely year—
She once was sunbeam of the house, the pet and pride of all,
Though now her picture hangs at home with face toward the wall.

I never quarrelled with her ; we were best of friends always :
She was my favourite sister from our childhood's happy days ;
Had it not been for Herb—and yet I love her most, I think,
For marrying the man she loved, let the ship swim or sink.

The day the door closed on her, when she went her way to wed,
It closed on her for ever—in his wrath my father said :
Not dreaming as his anger rose, that she'd be lying here,
Half through the gate of life and death, and all within the year.

Could I forgive him—or myself, if Maggie were to die,
Who never dealt me one hard look, one wound in a reply ?
And yet I lacked the courage, in the hour of her disgrace,
To brave his wrath and tell her I was hers, before his face.

Still lovely though at war with Death ! the fever has not slain
The gentle spirit in her eyes ; she smiles, in spite of pain,
With the old open smile of days when we were one, though twain ;
O, God ! when shall I know the joy of those dead days again ?

O, Madeline, my own, had I but known what was to be,
Think you that sire or sister should have parted you and me !
This house has never been the same since it was closed to you,
And from my heart I tell you—I have never been untrue.

O Madeline, my own, if God should take you from me now,
The brand upon the brow of Cain would burn into my brow.
Sisterhood is a sacred bond not lightly to be broken
Or cast aside, for Father's pride, like a mere lover's token.

O Madeline, my own, if God should listen to my pray'r,
I will never leave you, never,—as I hope for Heaven, I swear.
O Madeline, come back, come back ! 'tis I am calling you—
Your sister, darling Maggie ; in my heart I have been true.

ADIEU TO VICTORIA.

A DIEU, my second home,
First caravanserai
At which I made long stay
Since I began to roam.

Others will follow you :
Long as I live, I know,
Knowledge will bid me go
After adventures new

Through her broad realms and seas :
She will not leave me rest,
But spurs me to the quest
Of fresh discoveries.

Here, in three rapid years,
It has been mine to trace
The same old Saxon race
Building anew the tiers

Of the great polity,
Of which the first designs,
In rude and faint outlines,
Were immemorially

Known to the free brave men
Of Germany, who dwelt
In her vast forest belt,
Or by the Frisian fen.

Where I shall pitch my tent
After the next brief stage
In my life's pilgrimage,
Still bideth the event.

Maybe in Hindustan,
'Mid folk whose blood was one
With ours in epochs gone
On Highlands Aryan,

Or neath the clear blue skies
That smiled on infant Rome,
Or where the waters foam
Which saw the bright sunrise

Of Athens and the arts,
Or where the orange trees
Wave gently in the breeze
Over stout Moorish hearts.

Yet somehow I believe,
That, when the wind turned cold
Proclaims in accents bold
My fast approaching eve,

I shall have bent my way
Back to the ancient home,
Where, ere I learned to roam,
So many a happy day

Of my glad childhood passed,
Where I was born and bred
And those, who now have sped,
Bade farewell to me last.

My manhood left the pine
To bask beside the palm,
But I would have my psalm
Chaunted beneath the sign

Of pine-boughs interlaced—
The open woodwork roof
And “pillars massy—proof”
Of some old abbey, based

In the dear English earth
My child-feet used to tread
And which I'd have my bed
Of sleep as well as birth.

NELLIE (AGED NINE).

(Nellie Burbury.)

WEEP NOT !

Call her not dead. She was but nine years old ;
Her hair fell like a cataract of gold ;
Faced was she like a seraph from the first,
Perchance foretokening that she would burst
The bonds that held her down from heav'n ere long ;
She left off singing in her matin-song.
Weep not !

WEEP NOT !

She passed from happy home to happy home :
Her little feet no leisure found to roam
Into the brambles round the path of life ;
She had no time to taste the pain and strife
That damp and rust and mildew woman's years,
With schoolgirl's, lover's, wife's and mother's tears.
Weep not !

WEEP NOT !

She is not dead, but sleeps. Who would not sleep
Rather than work and weary, waste and weep
Here in life's fever, faction, fear, and fret?
Her cheeks and lashes never will be wet :
He called her ere her heart had learned to ache ;
He loved her much, and took her for her sake.
Weep not !

THE TWO BROTHERS.

H OAR is the manse 'mid purple heather,
Where hardy with the hard grey weather
Of breezy Scottish hills,
Two gallant boys grew up together,
For triumphs or for ills.

Bred in the parish-school to knowledge,
Sent in their ripening years to college
In the old classic towers,
Their wild blood forced them to acknowledge
That there are inner powers

Which bow not to the calculations
Of those who tend our educations,
But mould us at their will,
Our several predestinations
In due time to fulfil.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

Each left those towers without emotion,
Each tendered his young life's devotion
 To that time-honoured hope
And refuge of high hearts—the ocean
 With its prodigious scope.

And there they parted, one to mingle
With clenched hilt and tight-drawn surcingle
 In the fierce surge of war,
Far from the Highland fireside's ingle,
 From his boy-brother far,

And after to lay down the sabre,
And through unheard of risk and labour
 To wield a soldier's pen,
To make grim war his next-door neighbour,
 And live with dying men,

Until all Europe rang the praises,
Of him who chronicled the phases,
 Events, and daily stride
Of warfare in a warrior's phrases,
 And for his work defied

The lurking perils of night-watches,
And Victory's shell-mangled batches,
 Like combatants themselves,
That every day might bring despatches
 To every cottar's shelves.

The other on the sea went roaming,
Until some chance controlled his coming
 To Queensland's sunny shore,
Unconscious that the Powers were dooming
 That he should leave no more.

And here the same fierce blood, which hurried
His brother swift and undeterrèd
 To where the war was waged,
Left him no rest till he was buried,
 As in his veins it raged.

Now you could hear his stockwhip rattle,
Mustering roving herds of cattle
 Out on a western run,
Now he was fighting a stark battle
 Under a northern sun

THE TWO BROTHERS.

With quartz reefs for their golden treasures,
Enshrining his wild pains and pleasures
In strong pathetic verse,
And giving in his rugged measures
A picture rich and terse

Of miners and their wild existence,
Of bush life in the untamed distance,
Of shanty-revelry,
And of stern struggles for subsistence
When creek and run were dry.

Ten years had passed since last the tidings
Of his migrations and abidings
Had reached his far-off friends,
When, following the inner guidings
Which shape us to our ends,

Or by some chance, the elder brother
His footsteps turned to where the other
Had breathed out his bright life,
Without the hand of child or mother
To soothe in the last strife.

He knew not where to seek, nor even
Whether a kind and gracious Heaven
 Had held a shielding hand
Over that head, and it were given
 To him in this far land

To clasp his long-lost brother to him ;
Nor might he know till those who knew him,
 The lost one, in old times,
Came shyly in to interview him
 With wild yarns and stray rhymes

Of the bush-poet—brother drovers
And mining-mates and some few rovers,
 And Jacks of every trade
Like the dead brother, all staunch lovers
 Of him, who 'neath the shade

Of the God's acre trees was lying,
Where nightly the hillwinds come sighing
 Over Toowomba's heights,
Where friendly hands received him dying,
 And tended his faint lights

So tenderly. And some wild rover,
Stockman, or mining mate or drover,
Brought out one day a book,
Well-thumbed, with torn green paper cover,
And bade the brother look

On ill-cut pages ornamented,
In type unevenly indented,
And lines that were not flush,
With stirring rough-hewn poems printed
As "Voices from the Bush."

Adieu, staunch mates, who fondly hoarded
The memory else unregarded
Of him with his wild rhymes,
Who nursed, unnamed and unrewarded,
His fame till better times !

And thou, great, tender, soldier brother,
Come from so far to seek the other,
Who here breathed out his life
Too soon, without a child or mother
To soothe in his last strife !

FREEDOM.

“ **O**F old sat Freedom on the heights ;”
To-day she devastates the plains ;
And she who dawned with boreal lights,
At eve forked lightnings rains.

Misled by wreckers, men decline
Towards their fierce primeval state,
Forgetting that by discipline
The Roman grew so great.

Her name hath rung in many a song
Of noblest deed and maddest crime,
Hath nerved to right and lured to wrong
In every age and clime.

The Switzers raised their psalm to her
Ere they marched down, resolved to fall
Rather than brook the foreigner
Who thought their hills to thrall,

But Petroleuses who pyred the woe
The German on their country wrought,
Who laid its last-left trophies low,
Sang her strains, too—distraught.

O Freedom, for six thousand years
Hailed in all Babel's scattered tongues,
Whose altars reek with blood, whose ears
Are deafened by wild lungs,

Hast thou, since Earth began her moan
For Adam's freeness, in her youth,
Once had from spotless hands thine own,
Once heard the tones of truth?

ENGLAND'S APPEAL TO HER ELECTORS.

STEAL not our past ! Let not the temple, built
With hecatombs of patriots, go down
In one wild orgy under banners gilt
With Freedom's twisted scroll and tinsel crown !

Steal not our past ! Let not lost India tell
That Plassey and Lucknow were all in vain !
Let not the Rock, which Elliott held so well
In England's darkest hour, fall back to Spain !

Steal not our past ! The sons of those who fought
At Blenheim and Trafalgar, must they yield
The gifts a rescued nation gave unsought
To those who crowned her name on flood and field ?

Steal not our past ! Hands off the Church who holds
Our sires of thirteen centuries asleep
Within her aisles and yew-treed, moss-turfed folds,
Whose glorious fanes the Art of ages keep !

Steal not our past ! It should not be a crime
That our sires lived not for their little day,
But saved as if their seed should out-last time,
And worked like men whose name should shine for aye.

Steal not our hopes ! Estrange not nor disown
Our venturous children who have wandered forth
To stablsh in wild lands of every zone
Homes lasting as the old home in the north !

PROTESTANT DAY, 1885.

*(The Anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, of William III.'s landing in Torbay,
and the Battle of Inkerman.)*

PROTESTANT Day—and England's Church in danger !
Tory and Liberal beside her stand !
Are infidels to plunder Her and change Her—
The mother of Church-freedom for our land ?

Outside Canossa's gate the German shivered,
Humbled and impotent amid the snow ;
And France's mightiest King before It quivered—
The Power unbroken till our Church's blow.

The mother of Church-freedom, our great charter
Of English freedom from the realm of Rome,
Sealed with the blood of patriot and martyr,
Bound up, from birth to death, with life of Home.

Guy Fawkes ! Torbay ! This fifth day of November
Who can forget the Papists' famous plot ?
Who but our Revolution must remember ?
Who hath the Seven Bishops' tale forgot ?

The Church of England ! aye—and England's glory !
If Inkerman's shall come to us again,
'Twill be through those who love our Church and Story,
And not through godless, unremembering men.

From royal Westminster whose Abbey gathers
The bones of those who built up England's fame,
To little country-churches, where our fathers,
For centuries, to font and altar came,

From where at Canterbury, yet unminished,
Stands that same church, in which Augustine preached,
To mission-room, in mining-town just finished—
A mark how far Truth's last high springtide reached,

Ring out wild peals of peril, then the voices
Of strong men stern to guard their hearths and homes,
With fierce thoughts for the foeman who rejoices
That ruin runs behind where'er he roams.

Up Peer ! Up Peasant ! Children of the City,
From whose stout hands our English commerce rose,
Show them, that if they show your Church no pity,
You can be pitiless against Her foes !







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